

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XII.]

Saturday, April 20, 1811.

[NO. 26.]

THE
MONK OF THE GROTTO.

A Tale.

(Continued)

The Count Vizzani continued to shew him every mark of attention and regard; he gave magnificent treats, and invited the most distinguished personages Rome could boast to honour him with their company; but he remarked, with inexpressible pleasure, that Eugenio seemed most happy when he was with Rosalia.

‘Courage, my dear sister!’ said he to the Marchioness Spanozzi, in one of his letters; ‘I believe we shall succeed;—you may now venture to strike the great blow—it is impossible your son should escape us.’

The Marchioness, more audacious than her brother, was sensible the moment was not so propitious as he imagined. The Cardinal’s letter had disturbed her; she had delayed

answering it, in order to meditate fully not only as to the means of accomplishing her object, but how she should conceal from him the real motives which influenced her aversion to the marriage of her son with Virginia. She had recourse to the Marquis, raised his imagination, flattered his vanity, extolled the energy of his character, and the courage with which he obeyed its dictates, even in opposition to the natural goodness of his disposition;—at length she obtained from him what she so ardently desired—the fate of Virginia was decided; and she hastened to write to the Cardinal.

‘I demand pardon of your Eminence for having so long neglected answering your kind letter; but I was willing to defer, as long as possible, acquainting you with that which, I am sensible, must overwhelm my son with grief.—Alas! I am not the obstacle to his marriage with the interesting Virginia. Penetrated by the sage

remarks in the letter of your Eminence, I had abjured the project of separating the two lovers; and I would freely have confirmed my word by consenting to their union, particularly as your Eminence had assured me of your determination to take upon yourself the advancement of Eugenio's fortune: but guess what must have been my surprise, when I informed the Marquis of the alteration in my sentiments, to hear him reply, in terms the most haughty and determined, that his daughter should never marry Eugenio!—Confounded by so positive a refusal, I urged him, by all the entreaties in my power, to recal the dreadful resolution he had pronounced. He at first appeared inflexible; but, at the end of fifteen days, he so far yielded to my earnest and pressing solicitations, that I obtained thus much of him, and I trust your Eminence will guarantee the conditions.—The Marquis requires that his daughter should not marry till she has arrived at the age of twenty-one years; he will then render an account of the property of her mother, which is very inconsiderable; to supply its deficiency he will add a liberal dowry, provided he has reason to be satisfied

with her conduct and submission in the meantime. In the contrary event, she will not only forfeit all pretensions to his generosity, but he threatens her with his eternal malediction. Virginia has been summoned to him to hear his decree;—neither the tears she shed, or the affectionate entreaties she preferred on her knees, were able to shake the resolution of the Marquis; and I have received his orders to communicate it to Eugenio. It is to your Eminence I refer this painful task—it would too much afflict me to write directly to my son. Console him by your friendly advice, and tell him, for his satisfaction, I will watch over his interests, and those of Virginia; and that I will neglect no means of rendering the Marquis more favourable to the gratification of their mutual love. Finally, I rely upon the sensibility of your Eminence;—it will better paint than I am able, the solicitude of a mother, who implores for her child those tears and tender attentions she would herself require under similar circumstances.

The Cardinal was struck with amazement at the style of this answer, and was at a loss in what manner to communi-

cate it to his nephew. He anticipated its dread effects upon the mind of that ardent and impetuous youth, and for several days avoided being alone with him.

One morning, after having ruminated upon its contents, and considered in what manner he might give a more favourable turn to the letter of the Marchioness, he was interrupted by the arrival of Eugenio, who rushed, without ceremony, into his study: paleness overspread his countenance, his hair was in disorder, his quivering lips refused utterance to his thoughts, and his whole appearance exhibited the resemblance of a person distracted.

'My uncle!' exclaimed Eugenio, in frantic accents, 'my dear uncle, they have amused, deceived, betrayed me!—I will this instant depart.—Is not Virginia mine?—Was she not destined to me from my earliest infancy?—Shall they now tear her from my hopes?—No, no, no,' he repeated with ardour, 'sooner shall they tear me from my life!'

Overcome by this violent effort of passion, Eugenio's countenance became still paler;

he was scarce able to support himself upon the arm his uncle extended to his assistance.

'Dear Eugenio,' said the Cardinal, in a tone of voice expressive of his anxiety and tenderness, 'moderate your passion, and inform your uncle of the cause of your extreme affliction. I can partly guess it, and for these several days I have dreaded the evil that awaited you, and was revolving in my mind how I might soften its rigour. I cannot, however, comprehend why you are thus driven to despair;—you are not altogether deprived of your Virginia—you have only to regret that the period of your union is retarded.'

'Read, dearest uncle! interrupted Eugenio, with a low and trembling voice, 'read!' at the same time he drew from his bosom a letter of Virginia's, and presented it to his uncle.

This letter was produced by the same degree of trouble which agitated the soul of Eugenio. Virginia, seized with terror at the menaces of her father, who had sworn to curse her if she married Eugenio before she came of age, imagined she beheld, in so cruel and unexpected a decree, the for-

mal intention of even, at that period, depriving her of the hope of possessing her lover.

, My father,' added Virginia, 'sets no bounds to the sacrifice he requires from my obedience: he has enjoined me, under the same penalty, not to see you until the day when I shall be permitted to give you my hand—Dear loved Eugenio, calculate the tediousness of the sad hours I am doomed to pass far from you. Time, who seems to my sight covered with a veil of sable hue, will urge his slow and tardy flight without affording one consolation to calm the grief of your Virginia.—My father's curse!—Gracious Heaven!—the curse of that father I so honour and respect, is to overwhelm me the instant I consent to see you without his sanctioning the interview!—Eugenio, I am driven to despair;—but, I entreat you, avoid adding to my misery by yielding to the impetuosity of your character. It is by our submission alone we can soften the rigour of the decree pronounced against us. It is the advice of our mother. she has often repeated it to me with tears in her eyes;—she deins to pity, to console me; but, alas! can I obey her when she exhorts me to wait with patience?'

'I will depart immediately,' repeated Eugenio, while his uncle read the concluding lines of Virginia's letter: 'yes, I will depart—nothing shall longer keep me from her!'

'Is it thus,' replied the Cardinal with an air of gravity, 'is it thus you regard the prayer of Virginia?—Depart Eugenio—I shall not oppose you;—go, and hear the malediction of a parent pronounced on the head of her you love!'

'Heaven!' exclaimed Eugenio, concealing his face with his hands, 'is it possible I can be such a wretch!—Oh my dear uncle!' he added 'with tears in his eyes, 'direct my inexperience—conduct me thro' the labyrinth in which I am bewildered; but, above all, allay my insupportable anxiety with regard to the sufferings of my Virginia!—Words cannot express the tortures I feel at the idea of those which I know must rend her tender bosom.'

'Yes, my son,' replied the Cardinal, extremely moved at his situation, 'yes, I will allay the sorrows of your Virginia!—I will employ my most earnest solicitations to engage the Marquis to retract his resolve. I will do more—I will employ, should it be necessary, the authority of the Pope,'

(To be Continued.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON INGRATITUDE.

Know, nature's children all divide her care ;

The fur that warms a monarch warms a bear.

While man exclaims, " See all things for my use !"

" See man for mine !" replies a pamper'd goose !

*And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.*

POPE.

THERE is not a more prominent feature in the history of man than *Ingratitude*—It is of all evils the most despicable that can be inherited, and generally springs from a selfish principle ; it is an ingrafted evil that takes deep root in the heart and cannot be easily eradicated, and it is a mental principle and almost a general one, for it is not confined to any particular sphere ; it makes its appearance only where a benefit is incurred ; its evil tendencies are so great that it subverts every good design and replaces in their stead those only that are evil. This vice is closely connected with hypocrisy, for there are but few who will seem otherwise than thankful when receiving a favour, but their future conduct frequently shows the reverse. A breach of trust or confidence is a glaring mark of Ingratitude ; envy

is also a cause of *Ingratitude*.

When the receiver of a benefit envies the bestower, there arises a sort of hatred, the result of which, is Ingratitude ; the receiver knowing the superiority of the bestower views him with an eye of jealousy ; he feels conscious of his own inferiority, and although circumstances oblige him to receive such gift, or favour, the very obligation creates the hatred, while the bestower has no other motives in view than pure friendship—thus, from the very act that should insure gratitude, springs the reverse. We have many striking instances of the malevolent effects of Ingratitude in history, especially in that of the Romans. The conduct of Nero to his mother was unnatural and cruel in the greatest degree, and the manner in which she was put to death, by his desire, shocking beyond expression. Brutus, also, in the assassination of Cæsar, furnishes us with another proof of the most striking ingratitude. From the earliest ages, to the present time, we have numerous instances of the shocking effects of this detestable vice.

Ingratitude is employed in the gratification of self, and for selfish ends ; it is more conspi-

cuously flagrant where the greatest benefits are conferred, "for reward only, man loves man," take away the idea of reward, or benefit, and then view the result.

Ingratitude is not only very despicable, but peculiarly dangerous in its nature, for the discovery of it can only take place when somewhat may be expected by one party who had conferred on the other any benefit, reward, or service—for instance, the sincere man does some act of kindness to one whom he imagines his friend; he heaps numerous benefits on him, and in a short time afterwards has occasion to ask some assistance or service of this friend: the mask of friendship is then thrown aside, and this hidden viper is betrayed.

The result of pride, self-conceit, and avarice, is Ingratitude. The haughty are restrained by pride from acknowledging a benefit; conceit prevents the vain from a fear that it will lessen their own consequence; and the miser ungratefully disregards the bounties bestowed on him by providence, or any benefit conferred on him, any further than suits his own convenience.—

He also who studies not the interest of his friend comes under the same deserved censure, for where the interest of each are not at heart there can be no real friendship, and consequently where friendship is merely professional, on the part of one and not the other, there is *Ingratitude*. Ingratitude is therefore evidently a base principle, rooted in the mind and operating in the actions; it contaminates, enfeebles, and defiles the understanding, and distorts the countenance of truth! and although not punishable by the laws of man, we cannot doubt but that it is by the law of God.

JOSEPHUS.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

The Dying Child.

The taper was just glimmer, ing in the socket, as the weary and sorrowful mother awaked from a momentary slumber, to renew her anguish. She turned her eyes on her expiring infant, whose dim orbs were slowly turning in their hollow abodes. It was midnight, and nothing was heard but the strokes of the clock pendulum, and the heavy sighs of a disconsolate Father, which min-

gled with short deep breath of his suffering darling.

Half raised, and leaning on his pillow, he had been watching the dread moment when a sigh a struggle should announce, that hope and life had forever taken their everlasting flight.

A sudden flutter drew the attention of the wretched parents from the melancholy object of their meditation : it was the expiring innocents favourite bird, whose food had been neglected ever since the danger of its little admirer had absorbed all other care, and, as the sad presage of his fate it now expired ! The parents looked alternately on each other, and on the bird, but at this instant, to add to their distress, the candle ceased to burn,—The Father seized his infants hand—The Mother felt for its forehead but the pulse was still, and all was cold ! for alas ! the lamp of life was forever extinguish'd.

For The Lady's Miscellany.

HISTORICUS.

The History of Cyrello Padovano the noted sleep walker.

Cyrillo was a native of Padua in Italy ; a little brown complexioned man and, while awake, remarkable for his sim-

plicity, probity, piety, and candour ; but unfortunately for him his dreams were of the strongest kind imaginable, and seemed to overturn the whole system of waking morality ; for on such occasions he was a thief, a robber, and a plunderer of the dead.

The first remarkable exploit that we are told of Cyrillo, was at the University, where he showed no great marks of assiduity. Upon a certain occasion his master set him a very long and difficult task, which Cyrillo thought impossible, for him to execute. Oppressed with this opinion and in expectation of being chastised the next day, he went to rest quite dejected and uneasy ; but awaking in the morning he found to his great surprise his task completely and perfectly finished, and still more extraordinary, written in his own hand. This information he communicated to his master, when he gave up his task, who being equally astonished with him, resolved to try him a second time with a longer and more difficult exercise and to watch him at night when he retired to rest. Cyrillo was seen going to bed, with great uneasiness, and was heard to sleep profoundly ; but this did not con-

tinue long, for in about an hour after he lay down, he got up, relighted his candle, and sat down to study where he completed his task as before.

(To be Continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I would advise *Timothy Crotchet*, by all means, to use *Itch* ointment, to clear him of that horrid *distemper*, of which complains in the Debtors Department; and trouble me no more with his *hard-harted* Uncle, *Corporal Crotchet*, or political effusions.

Mrs. Regulator's hint to cruel husbands is too incorrect for insertion—If her husband abuses her, no doubt she deserve it.

Norice's lines to Miss —, Broadway, shall be attended to next week. E.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

A stout negro, who, to use the vulgar phrase, was as black as the ten of clubs, and that is nine times blacker than the ace, was some time since walking along Broadway, with a lady at each arm, no less sable than

himself. They drew near two gentlemen who were engaged in close conversation, and tho' there was sufficient room to pass on either side, the negro bolted between them, crying, "Heh, massa, got no politeness, why you no make, room for de *fair sec*."

A Singular Imposture.

A portly well dressed man, lately walking along the Strand London, suddenly dropped down in an apoplectic fit; and though no less a man than sir J——n E——tt, was coming by at the time, and was willing to give every assistance the *materia medica* could afford, it was all in vain; the body was dead beyond the reach of any physician. A corpse in the Strand unowned, soon drew a crowd; among them came a well dressed good looking young gentleman who was curious to see the dead man. He had no sooner made his way through the mob, so as to get a full view of the corpse than he was struck with amazement he remained fixed, his countenance changed and the tears began to flow down his cheeks.

As soon as he could recover himself so far as to gain utterance, he exclaimed—"Oh God!

my poor uncle! Is he gone? Is he?—Well,' said he, with a deep sigh, 'so perish my hopes! I am happy, however that I luckily passed at this awful moment, to rescue his poor remains, and see them decently interred.' Accordingly the sorrowful youth called a coach; and the charitable mob, who pitied the disconsolate nephew, assisted to put the corpse in the coach, where the pious young man soon stripped the body, and desiring to be set down at a famous surgeon's very conscientiously sold the body of his pretended uncle for two guineas!!!

The soldiers and chimney sweeps in London bear to each other a great antipathy. It chanced one day, a soldier 'neat trimly drest' was walking near Hyde Park, going to parade. One of the black coated gentry came softly behind him, intending to daub his regimentals. The 'man of war,' however, aware of his intentions, turned round and gave him the retort courteous in so handsome a style that he laid him prostrate. The fellow, disappointed, grumbled, 'Get out you d—d lobster.' 'Lobster,' exclaimed the soldier,

'you infernal black rascal, you only want *boiling* to make you as *red* as I am.'

A man who had climbed up a chesnut tree, had by a carelessness missed his hold of one of the branches, and fell to the ground, with such violence as to break one of his ribs. A neighbour coming to his assistance, remarked to him, drily, 'That had he followed his rule in these cases, he would have avoided this accident. 'What rule do you mean?' said the other indignantly, 'This,' replied the philosopher, 'never to come down from a place faster than you go up.'

AN ENGLISH BULL.

A cockney travelling in the north of Ireland stopped at an inn in a small country town and ordered breakfast. The landlady asked him what he would chose to have. 'I wont have any of your potatoes and herrings,' answered he, 'I am an Englishman, rat me.' 'I did not ask you, sir,' said she, 'what you would not have; I asked what you *would* have.' 'Let me see then,' said he, assuming a look of vast impor-

tance, 'have you got such things as eggs in this here country?' on being answered in the affirmative, he ordered eggs and coffee; 'and do you hear,' added he, pulling out his gold watch and handing it to her, 'boil the eggs with my watch.' 'Yes sir,' answered she and went out. In a few minutes she returned with his watch and his eggs in a plate, having literally obeyed his orders and boil'd all together. 'What do you mean by this?' vociferated he, 'you have ruined my double case English watch capped and jewelled, with a horizontal wheel, and a patent lever: was there ever such stupidity! What put it in your confounded head, to make such an *Irish Bull*, as to boil my watch!' 'I am of opinion, sir,' said she 'that it was you that made an *English Bull*, in supposing me so ignorant as not to know how to boil eggs without a watch.' The cockney finding he was bit, paid for his breakfast, and departed not quite so wise, in our idea, as he had entered.

MRS. FOOTE.

This lady was kept so much in the back-ground by the gay, licentious, eccentric life of her

husband, that little is known of history; except that she was the very reverse of him. Mildness and forbearance seemed to be the leading features of her character; & these qualities could serve as no cheeks upon a man of his temper. Implicated, however, as she was in the fate of her husband, she furnished the following anecdote: Dr. Nash, of Worcester, being in Town one spring, not long after Foote's marriage, intended to pay his old fellow-collegian a visit, but was much surprised at hearing that he was in the Fleet prison. Thither he hastened directly; and found him in a dirty two pair of stairs back room, with furniture every way suitable to such an apartment.—The Doctor, shocked at this circumstance, began to condole with him; when Foote cut him short by turning the whole into railery: 'Why, is not this better, said he, 'than the gout, the fever, the small-pox. and

'The thousand various ills

'That flesh is heir to.'

This is a mere temporary confinement without pain, and not very uncongenial (let me tell you) to this sharp biting weather: whereas the above disorders would not only give pain and confinement for a

time, but perhaps ultimately prevent a man from ever going into the world again.'

Laughing on in this manner, the Doctor perceived something stir behind him in the bed; upon which he got up, and said he would call another time.—'No, no,' said the other, sit down: 'tis nothing but *my Foot*.'—'Your foot!' said the Doctor: well; I want no apologies, I shall call another time.'—'I tell you again,' said the other, 'tis nothing but *my Foot*; and to convince you of its being no more it shall speak to you directly.' Upon this his poor wife put her head from under the bed-cloths, and with much confusion and embarrassment, made many apologies for her distressed situation.

Clerical Boots.

A Cletgyman in Essex, not much celebrated as a preacher, used to wear boots generally on duty; and gave as a reason for it, that the roads were so deep in some places, that he found them more convenient than shoes.—'Yes,' said Foote: 'and I dare say, equally convenient in the pulpit; for there the Doctor is generally out of his depth too.'

A husband and wife, who quarrelled rather more than man and wife usually do, which the reader will believe was bad enough, were on the eve of separation, when the good lady, affecting to fall sick, told her spouse that "she believed she should die, and to put on the best face to the world, thought she had better stay and end her days in their old house;" which he, good easy old man, full readily assented to, and very seriously asked her, "whom she would advise him to marry when she was gone. This was too much. "Marry the devil!" replied she in great warmth. "Marry the devil? No, my love," answered he, "no, that can never be, the canons of the church prohibit it, I have married his daughter already."

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

*Never marry an old man,
For they are snappish, snarlish,
Stingy, pringy, odd old scolds,
In fact not to be pleased.*

EPIGRAM.

*Young Corydon, a forward blade,
The offspring of a squire,
Address'd a lovely blooming maid
Whose father was a dyer.*

*A dyer's daughter !' cries his dad,
'What, marry her! O fie !'
Why not, sir ?' says the honest lad,
'You know we all must dye !'*

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, April 20, 1811.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE LADY'S
MISCELLANY.

AS this number closes the 12th Volume of the Lady's Miscellany, the editor feels it his duty to address a few lines to his assistants and subscribers; and it is with the most lively satisfaction and gratitude, that he acknowledges a greater extent of patronage, from the ladies and gentlemen of this city, and other parts of the union, than he has hitherto met with in his editorial capacity. Those who are in the habit of conducting papers after the manner of the Miscellany, must be conscious that much of the success, depends upon the assistance of correspondents; in this particular the editor has no reason to complain, and he hopes he may not be charged with egotism, should he venture to assert, that no weekly paper in this city contains more original matter than the present volume of the Miscellany: and he takes this public method of tendering his sincere thanks to those literary ladies and gentlemen, who by their productions, have contributed so largely towards the establishment, and he assures them that their exertions, in his favour, shall always be held in grateful remembrance. It is the intention of the editor to continue the editorship of the Lady's Miscellany, and that the 13th volume shall commence on Saturday next, with several improvements upon the last plan—and among the rest, the editor has it in contemplation, from time to time, to give an extra page of *Music*, in type, adapted to the Piano and German Flute; in fine, no pains will be spared to render the work a repository of instructive amusement; and the editor respectfully solicits a continuance of that patronage with which of late he has been honored.

If any lady or gentleman should not have their numbers complete, they can have the deficiency made up, by applying at the printing-office, and those at a distance under the like circumstances, by sending a line to the editor, (post paid) shall be instantly attended to. An Index to the 12th volume shall be as speedily compiled and delivered as is practicable.

SAMUEL B. WHITE.

CONDITIONS

OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

The price is *Two Dollars*, per annum—distant subscribers, half yearly in advance, otherwise the papers will not be forwarded to them, except where there is agents to collect the same.

It shall be delivered to subscribers, in the city, every Saturday, and forwarded to those in the country by the earliest conveyance.

No subscriptions will be received for less than half a year. Those who do not notify us of their intention to discontinue at the close of one volume, will be considered as subscribers for the next.

Any person who shall procure seven subscribers, and become responsible for the payment, shall receive one copy gratis.

Postage to be paid on all letters directed to the editor, (except agents) or otherwise their letters will not be attended to.

FIRE.

On Thursday morning, several frame-buildings, and three brick houses fronting Locust street, between 10th and 11th, and Walnut and Locust-streets, Philadelphia, were consumed by fire. It is supposed the fire originated from a quantity of unslacked lime stored in one of the buildings.

Robert M'Call, brother of Andrew M'Call, of Wilmington, Del was found dead in a street of Philadelphia on Monday morning. He was killed with a brick bat, a piece of which was found in his skull. Verdict, Wilful murder, by some person or persons unknown.

The account published in our last of the apprehension of William Etheridge, who murdered Mrs. Connelly, in Currituck county, we are sorry to learn is untrue. We understand a reward of 400 dollars is offered for his apprehension — Etheridge, we are informed by a gentleman who knew him some years ago, is about 5 feet 10 or 11 inches high, very stout built, full face, fair complexion, and a countenance descriptive of a desperado.

From a N. Orleans paper of March 4.

Archibald M'Cloy was shot last night (on board a flat boat near the Levee) about 8 o'clock, and died this morning. an inquest was held who gave the following verdict: 'that he received his death by a musket shot fired off the Levee at a distance of about 150 yards, from an unknown hand—and from the testimony of John Wilson, it appears that the shot came from a party of the city guards.'

A quarrel took place yesterday at or near the market-house, between 2 Choctaw Indian men, one of which drew his knife and stabbed the other to the heart, who fell lifeless at his feet. One of the chiefs immediately ordered the murderer to be put to death, and he submitted; accordingly, the sentence was executed in the following manner: the culprit lay down beside the defunct, and the Indians beat his brains out with stones and brick bats.

On Monday afternoon last, Mr. Sturges Gray (who has for some time past, been in a state of mental derangement) put a lighted segar into a cask of gunpowder in his dwelling-house, corner of Front-street and Peek-slip, which blew


off the roof of the house, and so materially injured himself that his life is despaired of.

When it is known that there are between seven and eight hundred persons at this moment Incarcerated within the walls of Newgate, many of whom are compelled by poverty entirely to subsist on the prison allowance (two penny worth of bread per day) it may be conceived what are the evils at present felt, or those likely to be experienced, if a jail delivery does not speedily take place.—A vessel has been taken up by government, for the conveyance of the convicts to New South Wales, but no new removal can take place until the royal sanction is given for such removal. We therefore hope this will be among the first considerations of the two houses. The following is a statement of the numbers and sentences of those under confinement.

Under sentence of death	75
To be transported for life	8
To be transported for fourteen years	6
To be transported for seven years	137
To be imprisoned for various periods	107
Total tried	333
For trial at the Old Bailey sessions	121
And debtors about	320
Total	477

MAD DOGS.

A melancholy occurrence has taken place on the Ridge Road, near this city. A young man, a Mr. Griggs, bitten about 30 days since, was taken ill on Thursday evening the 21st inst. and expired Sabbath morning 23d. It is a pleasing reflection that previous to his departure, he was in his senses, and gave to his friends around, after warning them of the danger of neglecting the salvation of their souls, every satisfaction that he was entirely reconciled: and that he was confident of future happiness.

 WANTED immediately, an Apprentice to the Printing business, apply at this office.

MARRIED,

On Friday evening last, by Dr. Miller, captain Paul Burrows, of New London, to Miss Mary Ann Nicholls, daughter of Mr. Wright Nicholls, of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the rev. Mr. How. Dr. Henry U. Onderdonk, to Miss Eliza Carter, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Broadhead, Mr. John King, to Miss Fennet Nexsen, daughter of Elias Nexsen, esq. all of this city.

At Flatbush, On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Low, Mr. William Bigelow, of Hartford, Conn. to Miss Sarah Van Buren, daughter of the late Dr. John Van Buren.

On Monday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Broadhead, Mr. Richard Norwood Rosekrans, of this city, to Miss Matilda Halsey, of Springfield, New-Jersey.

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. M. Clay, Mr. John Currie, to Miss Elizabeth Fraser, daughter of Mr. Duncan Fraser, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. James A. Moore, to Miss Maria Sophia Armour, daughter of the late captain John Armour, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, at East Chester, by the rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Daniel Drake, merchant, of New-York, of the house of M. and D. Drake, to Miss Martha Valentine, daughter of Mr. Joe Valentine, of the former place.

On Thursday evening last, Maltby Gelston, Esq. to Miss Mary Jones, daughter of the late Dr. Thomas Jones.

On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Broadhead, Mr. Isaac Plumb, to Miss Deborah Van Nest, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Moore Mr. Harman Wallace, to Miss Eliza Harrison.

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Spring. Mr. Henry Howard, of this city, to Miss Eliza Parmelee, of Westfield, New Jersey.

On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Spring. Mr. James F. Palmer of Stamford, Conn. to Miss Catherine Davenport, of this city.

DIED,

On Wednesday morning last, of a lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation, Mrs. Catherine Carpenter, in the 28th year of her age, wife of Mr. John G. Carpenter, and daughter of Mr. Thomas Parsells.

On Tuesday last, of a lingering illness, Thomas White, jun. baker.

On the 27 ult. Abraham Bininger, sen. in the 92d year of his age.

On Monday morning last, Mr. Andrew Her sen. aged 53 years.

On Monday afternoon, of a lingering and severe illness, in the 20th year of his age Mr. — Bruce, Pastor of the Baptist Church, on Staten-Island. He was a very promising young man and appeared to enjoy an unshaken reliance on that precious Redeemer, whose gosple he had preached to others. He was highly esteemed by his numerous acquaintance, and his death much lamented.

On Friday evening last, Mrs. Elizabeth Sayre, wife of Mr. John Sayre.

On the 25 ult at his seat in New Jersey, John Blanchard, esq. an old and very respectable inhabitant of that state.

At Port au Prince. Mr. Cobert G. Livingston, eldest son of Gilbert R. Livingston, Esq. of Red-Hook.



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.



TO MISS—

'Tis not thy beauty, matchless fair,
All beauteous as thou art;
Thy pouting lip, thy silken hair,
That captivates the heart—

'Tis not thine eyes, so mildly sweet,
Thy mouth which Jove might kiss,
Thy dimples, Cupid's chosen seat,
For men too great a bliss,

'Tis not thy airy step, so light,
Which makes an hermit glow,
'Tis not, thy bosom's snowy white
Which threatens age with woe,

'Tis not the smoothness of thy skin,
Whose touch might arm the coldest
'Tis not thy angel smiles which win,
Yet keep in awe the boldest—

'Tis not thy manners, easy, bland,
Thy sense and thy good nature,
The music of thy magic hand
Which brightens every feature—

'Tis something which I cannot name—
Is it thy countenance which traces
The beauty of the mind, that lights the
flame?
No—'tis thy thousand graces!

For the Lady's Miscellany

'It is for Man to perform great actions
'Tis for woman to inspire them'

Miss Owenson.

Oh! cold is the ice-drop that clings to
the willow

When winters has sprinkled his hoar-
locks with snow;—

And chill is the sigh of Ontario's billow
That bursts from her wave-beaten cav-
erns below:—

But colder's the eye, where no kindness
sits beaming,

To him that unvalued and friendless
remains;

And the heart-frozen sigh, where no
warm wish is teeming,

More chill than the Lake-tempest
breathes o'er the plains.

When the bark-hutted savage alone by
his fountain

Sits sadly at night on the leaf-cove'rd
clod,

And watches the Arctic-lights stream
o'er the mountain

Whose top in the chase he so often
has trod:

Oh solitude blest!—where no footstep
approaches

Of wonder or mem'ry the spell to de-
throne—

To that on which man every moment
encroaches,

When the heart tho' surrounded is
yet more alone.

Say,—lives there an *Ida*,—thus brightly
revealing

A spirit so gentle—a bosom so pure—
And a heart ever faithful to nature and
feeling,—

That dares for her Lover one sorrow
endure?

Oh! point to her dwelling: in Love's
warm devotion

An *Osmyn* in haste to her feet should
be born,
That by her rous'd to greatness, each no-
ble emotion
Might burst from the torpor-cold
chams it has worn.

Ida.

From the Philadelphia Repertory.

HYMN.

Ah! long had I stray'd a poor exile from
Jesus,
Despair reign'd supreme o'er my ter-
rified soul:
In bondage to him who in extacy seizes
Delusions, to lure us beneath his con-
troul.
Not then could my soul, when des-
pair's rolling ocean,
O'erwhelm'd me with grief and ter-
rific emotion,
Prostrate here before him in humble
devotion,
Nor swell the sweet anthem of
Jesus is mine.

Like the prodigal son from his father
that wander'd,
Full oft from the path of submission
I flew;
But ah! when the fast fleeting moments
were squander'd,
No compunctions that wounded my
bosom I knew.
But O, who can sing of his goodness
who reigning
O'er all, nor the vilest of sinners dis-
daining,
"In mercy my wand'ring affections re-
gaining,
Bade me swell the sweet anthem of
Jesus is mine.

With grief on the cross, I beheld high
extended,
A form that transpierced my poor
heart with appal;

Pale death, though his conquering pow-
ers were ended,
Triumphantly reign'd o'er the God of
us all.
The blood from the pores of his hands
down was streaming,
On the spear, from the wound in his
side, it was gleaming;
And pardon and love from his brow
gently beaming,
Bade me swell the sweet anthem of
Jesus is mine.

(To be Continued.)

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